The St. Tammany Farmer.

"The Blessings of Government, Like the Dew from Heaven, Should Descend Alike Upon the Rich and the Poor."

W. G. KENTZEL, Editor. | COVINGTON, ST. TAMMANY PARISH, LA., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1895. | VOL. XX.—NO. 9.

TO A USURPER.

Aha! traitor in the camp,
A rebel strangely bold—
A lisping, laughing, toddling scamp,
Not more than four years old.

To think that I, who've ruled alone
So proudly in the past,
Should be ejected from my throne
By my own son at last!

He trots his treason to and fro,
As only babies can.
And says he'll be his mamma's beau
When he's a "gweat, big man!"

You stingy boy, you've always had
A share in mamma's heart;
Would you begrudge your poor old dad
The tiniest little part?

That mamma, I regret to see,
Inclines to take your part—
As if a dual monarchy
Should rule her gentle heart!

But when the years of youth have sped,
The bearded man, I trow,
Will quite forget he ever said
He'd be his mamma's beau.

Renounce your treason, little son,
Leave mamma's heart to me;
For there will come another one
To claim your loyalty.

And when that other comes to you,
God grant her love may shine
Through all your life as fair and true
As mamma's does through mine!
—Eugene Field.

A CASE OF PLAGIARISM.

The young couple stood on the bank opposite the Gadfly contemplating that small house boat with something less than a feeling of ownership than they had hitherto experienced. A fiery little steamer went up the river, and the waves, taking advantage of the confusion, ran and kissed the green bank and were off again before the green bank had time to protest. From the top deck of the Gadfly came a song to the ears of Mr. Stewart, of Throgmorton street, and of young Mrs. Stewart, that they were beginning to know quite well, albeit Miss Bagge, the singer, had only been there since the morning. Miss Bagge accompanied herself on the banjo, and accompanied herself all wrong:

"I'm a little Alabarmer coon,
Ain't been born very long."

"I wonder," said little Mrs. Stewart —"I wonder, now, how many more times she's going to play that?"

"My dear love," said Mr. Stewart, sitting down on the bank.

"Don't call me your dear love, Henry, until that dreadful girl has gone."

"My dear Mrs. Stewart, what can I do? I can't treat her as we brokers treat a stranger who happens to stroll into the house, can I? You wouldn't care for me to catch hold of her and mash her hat in and hustle her out of the place."

"I shouldn't. All you have to do is to be distant with her."

"One can't be very distant on a small houseboat."

"I believe you like Miss Bagge still," said Mrs. Stewart.

"I don't mind her when she's still," said Mr. Stewart. "It's when she bobs about and plays that banjo of hers that she makes me hot."

The shrill voice came across the stream:

"Hush a-bye, don't you cry, mammy's little darling;
Papa's gwine to smack you if you do."

"Boat ahoy," called Stewart.

The boy on the Gadfly came up from somewhere and pulled over to them, and conveyed them to the houseboat. Miss Bagge, looking down from between the Chinese lanterns, gave a little shriek of delight as their boat bumped at the side of the Gadfly.

"Oh, you newly-married people," she cried, archly, as she bunched up her skirts and came skittishly down the steps; "where have you been? Leaving poor little me alone with my music for such a time."

"Did you say music, Miss Bagge?"

"Yes, dear Mrs. Stewart. My banjo, you know."

"Oh!" said little Mrs. Stewart.

"Afraid you don't like plantation melodies, Mrs. Stewart."

"I used to think I did, Miss Bagge."

Stewart had gone along to get something iced to drink and something in the shape of a cigar to smoke.

"How things change, Mrs. Stewart, don't they? I'm sure it doesn't seem six years ago—hem—Mr. Stewart and I and ma and two or three others came up to Marlow. I think that was long before your day, before you came over from Melbourne, and we did really have the most exquisite time."

"Have you looked through the evening paper, Miss Bagge?" interrupted little Mrs. Stewart, hurriedly.

"Oh, yes, dear, I've looked through it twice. One or two most interesting cases."

"Where did you put it? I want to see what O'Brien has done for Middlesex."

"I've dropped it somewhere," said Miss Bagge. "Could the boy go up for my trunk before it gets dark? I left it at the station, and I shall have some more things down next week."

"Next week!"

Miss Bagge put her hand to her brown thin neck and gave a cough of apology.

"If I stay longer I shall have to run up to town one day to do some shopping."

There was a pause. The rings of smoke from Stewart's cigar at the other end of the boat floated down by them. The boy below broke a few plates and danced a few steps of a breakdown to cover the noise.

"Dear Henry! How the scent of his cigar does remind me of old times! I remember so well that night at Marlow—"

"Miss Bagge, will you go and play something?"

Miss Bagge went obediently and strummed her banjo, and mentioned once more that she was a little Alabama coon, and young Mrs. Stewart ran hurriedly to her husband.

"I'm going to quarrel with her," she said, breathlessly.

"That's right," said Henry, calmly; "anything to stop that row."

"I'm going to ask her to go back to town to-night, Henry."

"But, my dear, isn't that rather rude?"

"Of course it is. That's why I am doing it. You'll have to see her to the station."

The private row was quickly and quietly over. When the last word had been spoken the self-invited guest begged ten minutes to write a letter, and then she pronounced herself ready for Stewart's escort to the station. "Sorry you are obliged to go, Miss Bagge," said Stewart politely.

"It's an important engagement," said Miss Bagge, trembling, "or I would have stayed. Good-by, dear Mrs. Stewart. I dare say we shall meet again soon."

Now an odd thing happened. As Stewart handed his charge into the boat a letter fell from her pocket on the deck of the Gadfly. Mrs. Stewart, in her usual good temper now that her husband's old admirer was departing, called to her as soon as she noticed the letter; but Miss Bagg paid no attention. It almost seemed that she did not want to hear. When Mrs. Stewart picked it up and saw that it was addressed to Henry Stewart, Esq., and marked "private and confidential," she opened it without a moment's hesitation.

"My Dearest Henry—It is so sweet to be near you again. Just as the wind sighs for the seashore, so do I sigh for you. Can you imagine what you are and ever have been to me? You are indeed my king, and you know that I am your willing slave. Yours faithfully.
"Constance Bagge."

Young Mrs. Stewart sank down on a low deck-chair and gasped and looked across at the two.

"Well," she said, "this now is fearful."

There would be a good half an hour before Henry returned, and in that good half hour it was necessary to decide what was to be done. What was quite clear was that the creature must have had some encouragement to induce her to write such a letter, and—

"Why, she is taking his arm!" she cried.

Indeed, Miss Constance Bagge was resting her hand upon the arm of Mrs. Stewart's husband. Henry was carrying her banjo, and, looking back, laughingly waved it at his wife.

"Does this mean," asked Mrs. Stewart, distractedly, "that they will never come back?"

The letter seemed to explain his slight diffidence in agreeing to the lady's dismissal; it explained also why when Miss Bagge had that morning made her unexpected appearance on the bank hailing the boy with a shrill "Hi!" Henry had only laughed very much.

Mrs. Stewart summoned the boy.

"Yes, mem, there is a trine up liter than this. It leaves Thames Ditton at eleven fifteen, and you get to good old Waterloo at about ten to twelve. And I wish to Gawd," added the boy, piously, "that I was there nah. This plice is a lump too quiet for me."

That would give half an hour to speak her mind to Henry (if he did come back), just half an hour to extract from him a confession, and then a rush for the last train up. At Waterloo she could take a cab to Uncle George's; and if Uncle George couldn't see her through, why, nobody could. Uncle George was an agent general. He was a stern man, and he treated everybody as severely as though they were his fellow-countrymen.

The white-flanneled figure came back to the riverside.

"He has managed to say good-by, then?" said Mrs. Stewart, fiercely. "I should like to have seen the parting."

Henry came on board and went straight to her, and, with the assurance of new husbands, kissed her neck.

"She's an impossible creature," said Stewart. He sat down beside his wife and took an evening paper from his pocket. "I believe she took the extra away with her. I've had to buy another."

There was something in little Mrs. Stewart's throat that prevented her for the moment from starting her lecture.

"She wasn't so bad, you know," he went on, "in the old days. Of course I was a mere youth then. But now she's too terrible for words. I suppose if girls don't get married they get warped and changed."

"I want to speak to you, Henry," she said, steadily.

"Oh, bother that boy," he exclaimed. "We must get rid ot him, dear; he's a nuisance."

"It wasn't about the boy."

"Not the boy? Well, then—Hullo! Here's a funny case."

She went on very quietly:

"I want to speak to you seriously, Harry, about a matter that has, by accident, come to my notice. I don't want to seem to bother too much about it, and I suppose if I were as free as some women are I shouldn't mind it in the least. But my mind is quite made up."

He was not listening, but her head was averted, and she went on.

"I have left the keys in the bedroom, and my account book is totaled up to date, with the exception of the bill that came in to-day. There is no reason why we should have any high words."

"I beg your pardon, dear. I haven't heard a word that you were saying."

He had found the news page in the evening paper, and was reading with much interest a diverting breach of promise case.

"I was only saying"—she raised her voice to a pitch of distinctness—"that"—

"Look here; here's an idiotic letter the girl writes to the fellow."

"I don't want to hear it, thank you."

"Yes you do. Listen. This is how it goes: 'Just as the wind sighs for the seashore, so do I sigh for you.' Why, the wind doesn't sigh for the seashore, does it?"

"Go on, please," she said quickly; "read the rest of the letter. Is it really in the paper, Henry?"

"Look for yourself, dear. It's too funny for words. 'So do I sigh for you. Can you imagine what you are and ever have been to me? You are indeed my king, and you know that I am your willing slave.'"

"Why," cried Mrs. Stewart, "that's word for word the same."

"As what?"

"It doesn't matter, dear."

She took from her blouse the letter that the disappointed Miss Bagge, with deplorable lack of originality, had copied from the evening paper.

"Don't people do some silly things, Winifred, dear, when they are in love?"

She took a marguerite from the bowl on the table and stuck it in his hair. Then she tore up the letter and gave the pieces a little puff to send them out on the stream.

"I b'lieve you," said Mrs. Stewart.

"Shall you want to be rown across for that last trine, mem?" demanded the boy, putting his head out of a window, "or is the guv'nor going to do it?"

"The last train," echoed Mrs. Stewart. "Why, of course not, James. Go to bed at once."

"That boy's quite mad," said Stewart, turning over a page of the paper to find the cricket; "we must get rid of him."—St. James Budget.

—"What would you say, Tommy, if I were to give you a half dollar?" "I'd say—well, I guess I'd say 'half a loaf's better than no bread at all,' Uncle Jack."

FARMER AND PLANTER

NOTES AND SUGGESTIONS

Appropriate For Midwinter Contemplation by Southern Farmers.

It is quite likely no country ever made a change in its methods and systems until absolutely forced to do so by calamitous conditions arising out of previous practices. If this be so, the south may be said to have arrived at that period when conditions demand a change, a change of some kind. That change may not be specifically stated by anyone. It can only be roughly defined as going out of special, extensive culture into intensive, diversified culture. Each man must make his own selection according to the best lights he may have and in a measure according to his taste. It will not do for everyone to do exactly the same way, to plant the same crops, raise the same kind of stock and proportion the same alike. There must be more or less originality displayed by each man.

Well, one of the most appropriate things to do this midwinter period is to think strongly, discuss the situation with men of hard sense and make such allotments of the several crops as best appear to fit the present situation.

It is a great pity more grain of one kind or another was not sown in October. A large crop of oats next summer would mean a great saving in corn, and if appearances are worth anything, well preserved corn will command a good price next spring; will be well worth saving.

Doubtless there is almost as much clear profit in oats at thirty-five cents a bushel as there is in cotton at five cents a pound; that is, if a man knows how to raise oats and goes at it in a proper way.

Over a large section of the country oats when sown in December are not subject to injury oftener than one year in three, if they are put in properly with harrow and roller; but over the greater portion this rule may be said to apply if the sowing can not be made in October and by the 10th of November, it is better to wait until February before putting in the crop. In the interval, an extra plowing of the land will tend to increase the yield several bushels. As a rule our farmers bestow very little care on the seeding of this crop. In hundreds of instances the seeds, a bushel or so, are broadcasted, more or less unevenly on the unbroken soils and turned under with a plow, the soil being left in as rough a state as that kind of an implement can leave it. Not much of a crop should be expected from this manner of treatment. If the land should happen to be good, a yield of eighteen or twenty bushels may be secured, but where, if more care had been bestowed in the seeding, the yield could easily have been doubled. We think there is no exaggeration in the statement that land that yields three hundred pounds of lint cotton can be made to produce forty bushels of oats, this yield from a sowing made early in February, in middle Georgia; a few bushels more, if the sowing is made in October or September.

It may be that many will yet decide to venture a larger sowing of spring oats than they had originally intended, and we have no doubt it will be a wise conclusion. If sown properly in February, in January in more southerly section, and using an acclimated variety—fairly rust-proof—anywhere from 15 to 60 bushels may be gathered next June. It is quite likely the grain will command a price that will make the result fairly remunerative to the grower. If good land is used for this purpose, and it should appear long about June that there is a good prospect for cotton picking up in prices, this land can be planted to cotton with a very fair chance of making a good crop as if it were planted in May or earlier. Farmers who have had much experience in planting the staple in April and June are sure that there is very little difference in the appearance of the stalk in September of two plantings made eight or nine weeks apart; that is a planting made April 15 and another June 15. Of course we would not advocate a large planting of cotton next year; still, as we said, if the signs were good in June for cotton advancing a cent or two, a crop of oats could be followed by one of cotton if a farmer so desired.

As a rule peas should follow grain if it is deemed advisable to turn the land afresh in midsummer. When the practice of sowing clover with spring grain of any kind has become more general in the south, there will be very little grain stubble plowed in June, as the clover will come on and take possession of the land without any plowing. We would like to see the day when such a practice was a common one in our country.

The only rational and truly economical way of restoring the lost fertility of our long cultivated soils is through the medium of leguminious crops grown specially for manurial purposes.

There are several clovers that our southern farmers can use for restoring the humus that has been almost entirely burnt out in the past twenty-five years.

We wish that we could persuade a few thousand farmers who read the Southern Farm to make a fair test of sowing clover with their grain. If they could be persuaded to try it once and make a success of it we would soon see a perfect tidal wave of soil improvement.

Taking land that has been plowed, say once, in January, harrow in the two and a half or three bushels of oat seed early in February, and immediately afterward sow ten or twelve (eight might do) pounds of red or sapling clover, sowing it as early as possible, then give the land a good rolling. Very few of our farmers have such an implement as a roller, we are sorry to say.

If a farmer hasn't one and can not hire or borrow one, of course he will have to do the best he can without the roller. A drag is the next best resort to run over the land after sowing the seed. If he has no drag he will have to put up with a brush. When a roller is used it presses the seed and soil firmly together, and this is all the covering needed. The rolling must be done only when the soil is dry. The oats and clover come up together, but the latter will make very little growth at first, but a week after the oats or other grain are cut off, the clover will begin an almost magical growth, and in a few weeks will cover the land completely—that is, if a good stand was secured from the ten pounds of seed and the land is good. We are satisfied a good deal of very inferior clover seed has been sold in the south, and it requires some care on the part of the farmer that he gets seeds, even half of which will grow. We regret that this is so, for it has been the means of discouraging the use of clover.

Speaking of clovers, there are two that ought to come into common use all over the south, though these two are not so well adapted to combining with grain as the Red and the Sapling varieties are, and for this reason. The latter will grow right on through the summer and fall after the grain is cut off, while "Bur" and "Crimson" clovers (the two we refer to) will not grow through the summer. These two, if sown in the fall or in February, ripen their seed late in the spring and die down. They are both annuals and are strictly winter growers—the very reverse of our field peas. This characteristic renders these clovers more desirable than peas for manurial or fallow purposes and especially where early pasture or an early crop of hay is desired, still more marked in their superiority.

But the most extended use of these two clovers, we believe, ultimately, will be found in sowing them in the cotton fields in October and November for the main purpose of keeping the soil from being washed by the winter rains, and later on in the spring the crop turned under to enrich the land. One good crop of Crimson or Bur clover turned under would so enrich our average soils as to make a show of its good effects for several years.

Until a farmer comes to appreciate the necessity for supplying his soil abundantly with humus, and so regulates his practices as to give each acre of arable land a fair crop of clover (or peas) every two years, he will not see his farm in condition to supply him with profitable crops. There is no other way of restoring fertility to long cultivated land than this of growing it on the land. Strange process the thoughtless might allege, but the statement is true. Put all the commercial fertilizer you may on these worn soils, it will be of little effect unless there is humus in the soil to make it properly assimilable and to open the soil for the essential carbonic acid.

Till the soil with humus, then every pound of commercial mineral manure applied will have its effect in increasing the crop. It is so easy for the southern farmer to restore humus to his soil if he only appreciates the necessity for doing so. He can restore humus, in fact without intermitting his money crop—let that be what it might be.

What a host of plants he has at his disposal—peas, Soja beans, Bur clover, Crimson clover, Sapling clover, Red clover, Japan clover, Melilotus, vetch, beggar weed! Why mention any more?

One of the greatest crimes of the day committed chiefly against the farmer is the selling of seeds infertile and worthless. It is quite possible that there are some very good people who sell such goods ignorant of how worthless they are. Then again there are others who sell them knowing they are old seeds and consequently will not grow. There can hardly be any worse crime against the purse of our fellow-man. It is not so bad as selling adulterated medicine, but it is worse than highway robbery. Our laws should deal severely with those who commit either of these crimes.—Southern Farm.

HERE AND THERE.

—Wheat mixed with corn and oats makes a better feed than either alone.

—Several of our Tennessee exchanges say it is a common sight this year to see a new extra corn crib built by the old one. A good sign, truly.

—It takes times like these to develop new ideas. The feeding value of wheat would never have been developed with the grain at a dollar a bushel.

—Many a family goes through life homeless because they wanted the earth and could not get it. One hundred and sixty acres is enough.

—The evening feed of both ducks and turkeys should be scattered near the roosting place. This is the best way known to teach them to stay at home at night.

—More than 250,000 hogs were slaughtered at Kansas City last month, and more than five million hungry German people wish for some of the meat, but they can't get it.

—An acre of ground will produce seventy-five bushels of castor beans worth $1.50 per bushel. Will cotton pay as well? The castor bean improves land, cotton wears it out.

—Don't fail to bear in mind that hay is a good and profitable crop for every farmer to raise. Hogs, cattle and hay are a good trio of farm products for the southern farmer to raise.

—The best method of increasing the cotton production is that of sowing in small grain each year one-half of the tillable land, being careful not to cultivate the same field in cotton two years in succession.

—Our farmers have, ever since Texas was wrestled from Mexico, been killing grass to save cotton. Now let us reverse this process and save the grass, and let a large portion, at least, of the cotton go.—Farm and Ranch.

—It is a wise precaution to quarantine newly purchased swine. Hog cholera in the south is almost always imported. The disease prevails more or less all over the west. Look out for it in your new breeding stock.

—Good, dry earth makes the best floor for a poultry house. But it should be so situated that neither from driving rains or from percolating water should it ever become damp. Dry dust surpasses air-slacked lime as an absorbent of odors, and a general prophylactic.

—An Indiana live stock breeder thinks the general horse market will continue to be low; beef cattle will command better prices, especially export cattle; sheep will begin to advance, and hogs will bring good prices for a year yet.

—For sitting, select eggs from the best laying hens you have, and continue this process, and as sure as two and two make four, you will establish a strain of fowls that will make it pleasant to count the eggs, and observe the result of following sound and sensible advice.

—A poultry raiser should be much among his fowls, cultivate their friendship, become acquainted with their wants and their peculiarities. When fowls fly from their owner he is the wrong man, and should turn the poultry yard over to some member of the family who has more sympathy with the feathered tribes.

HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

—Corn Bread: Three cups of corn meal, one cup of flour, one cup of molasses, two cups of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Scald two cups of the meal and mix the other with the flour and baking-powder. Steam three hours.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

—Gloucester Jelly: Take half an ounce each of pearl barley, rice, sago, hartshorn shavings, and simmer with one and a half pints of water till the liquor is reduced to a third, then strain it carefully. This when cold will be a jelly which may be dissolved in milk, hot water, or broth, and will prove extremely nourishing. About a tablespoonful of jelly should be added to a half pint of fluid.—Leeds Mercury.

—A Rich Steamed Pudding: Stir thoroughly together one cup of molasses with one cup of butter and a cup of milk. Add one cup of chopped raisins and three cups of flour into which a teaspoonful of saleratus has been stirred. Add citron if desired, and steam in a pudding boiler three hours. For the sauce beat three eggs to a froth, stirring into them a cup of sugar and a little vanilla—Ladies' Home Journal.

—Egg Plant Fritters: Take large-sized egg plant, leave the skin and stem on and boil till tender. Remove the skin and mash very fine in an earthen bowl with a teaspoonful of salt. Drain off the liquor and add plenty of pepper, a large iron spoonful of flour, half a cup of milk or cream and three eggs. This makes a nice batter. Drop into boiling hot lard and fry as you would fritters.—Christian Inquirer.

—Beef Cakes: Mince the meat very fine. Boil and mash potatoes equal to one-third the quantity of the meat, mix them together thoroughly, season with pepper and a few sprigs of parsley minced. Add the beaten yolk of one egg to bind it. Wash and flour your hands. Make the mince into cakes about the size round of the top of a teacup, and fry them a nice brown in hot butter or beef drippings. Serve on a napkin with a garnish of fried celery. —Boston Budget.

—Gravy Soup: Get an eight-pound shin of beef; have the butcher cut it into a stew pan with a gallon of cold water. Let it heat slowly. Skim, and add a tablespoonful of salt, a dozen black pepper corns, a bouquet of sweet herbs, three cloves, a blade of mace and two onions sliced and fried a golden brown in a tablespoonful of butter. Simmer gently four hours, then take out the meat (which can be eaten hot or cold), strain the soup, and let it stand all night. Before serving remove every particle of fat, and if liked add a turnip, a carrot and some celery; cut in slices and simmer them in the soup till done, or add only a little mushroom catsup or soy.—Boston Budget.

—Titian Creams: Soak one-half of a box of gelatine in one-half of a cup of cold water for an hour; then dissolve over hot water. Whip one pint of cream stiff. Add to the cream two-thirds of a cup of pulverized sugar, one-half of a teaspoonful of pistachio flavoring, one teaspoonful of vanilla, and, if wine is used, one spoonful of sherry. Add the gelatine and color the cream a delicate green with chlorophyll coloring. Stir from the bottom toward the top until the cream begins to thicken, then turn into a melon mold. Make a small quantity of orange of wine jelly, color a delicate pink, and turn into a small mold, which will fit in the center of the melon mold.—Ohio Farmer.

SOME DELICIOUS SOUPS.

Four Recipes That Will Be Found Useful by Housewives.

Often soups are made without any recourse to the stock-pot, but with much help in the way of milk and cream. These soups are easily and quickly made and form a delicious first course to any dinner.

Cream of Onion Soup: Peel and cut into thin slices a dozen small white onions, and fry them to a light brown in a tablespoonful of butter. Add to the onions a pint of sweet milk, a quart of boiling water, a saltspoonful of salt, the same quantity of white pepper, a half teaspoonful of sugar, and a pinch of mace. Cook half an hour very slowly, and strain through a fine sieve. Add the yolks of three eggs, well beaten, and a cupful of cream. Serve immediately.

Cream of Corn Soup: To each quart of corn, cut from the cob or canned corn, add three pints of water. Boil until tender, and then add two ounces of butter that has been well mixed with one tablespoonful of flour. Boil for fifteen minutes more; season to taste, and just before serving add a heaping cupful of whipped cream.

Okra Soup: Cut the okra in very thin slices, and throw into one and one-half quarts of boiling salted water; when tender add one quart of milk, a large tablespoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of flour, and white pepper to taste. This soup must be made in a porcelain kettle.

Cream of Celery Soup: Boil twelve stalks of celery, cut in small pieces, in three pints of water for half an hour. Add half an onion and two blades of mace, and pass through a sieve. Mix one tablespoonful of flour and add a heaping tablespoonful of butter; add to the soup, with a pint of milk, and salt and pepper to taste. A cupful of cream added just before serving makes a great improvement.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Sanitary Suggestions.

The woman who looks well to the ways of her household is admonished by all sanitary authorities to look well to the ways of her cellar; to see that it does not harbor decaying vegetables or dampnes; to see that brooms and brushes used in sinks, glutters, or on walks are cleansed after using; to know that no damp or dirty cloths used in cleaning are in her bath-room or under the kitchen sink; to look after the plumbing, see that the pipes are not obstructed and that disinfectants are used in the closet, and to know what becomes of the garbage and slops carried out of her kitchen.—N. Y. Post.

A Rag Curtain.

One of the most effective portieres is a silk rag curtain made of bits of silk of all kinds and description. Velvets, satins, brocades and bright bits of every kind are used to make it. They are sewn together and cut of uniform width, like the rags of a rag carpet. Almost any weaver of rag carpet could probably weave such portieres. They have a very picturesque oriental look, that is far more effective than any portiere that can be purchased anywhere near the price.—N. Y. Tribune.

WEDDING CAKE COMES HIGH.

One Hundred Dollars About the Right Figure in Fashionable Life.

The most costly single item in the well conducted wedding of to-day is the cake, without the proper amount of which no self-respecting woman would dare call herself a bride. It is made as of yore, by the good old-fashioned black cake recipe—very heavy, rich and dark; but no bride of any up-to-dateness has a large and formidable iced confection of this kind at her wedding. The stately center piece has been broken up into small boxes of watered white paper or silk, tied with ribbons and stamped with her monogram. These are placed so conveniently at the wedding that every guest may secure one as a souvenir, and those at a distance expect boxes of cake by mail as the conventional adjunct to the invitation. All this costs the bride's family full one hundred dollars and more when they arrange it for her in anything like good style. The most approved cake boxes are about three and a half inches square, with an attached lifting lid. They are either covered with polished cream white paper or white satin. The paper boxes, when filled with cake that is first wound in waxed paper and then tin foil, tied with ribbon and stamped on the lid with the initial letters of the bride and groom in gold, cost sixty-five dollars a hundred. The white satin boxes ought not only to bear the monogram in gold or silver, but on the lid must be tied a bit of orange blossom, and the confectioner charges just one dollar and twenty-five cents for each of these daintily prepared packages of cake. There are brides and their families who not only satisfy the conventional demands of their friends by distributing at the wedding reception and through the mail to absent ones, the costly trifles, but have as well at home a cake for cutting. The vast structures of elaborate icing on a broad expanse of the delectable, indigestible sweetmeats are considered out of taste, and now the bride, when she orders, mentions a ten-pound cake. This is not large, and is iced simply with a wreath of small orange blossom sprays about the entwined initials in silver of the contracting parties.—N. Y. Sun.

JAPANESE RELIGION.

One of the Most Important Articles of Its Creed Concerns Uncleanness.

The reason why the idea of uncleanness was associated with the idea of dangerousness was, in my opinion, because uncleanness was thought to be the enemy of the gods, and the gods can not be where any uncleanness exists. The gods are clean and pure, and those who are not clean and pure can not but forfeit the protection of the gods. Those who are not protected by the gods can easily be attacked and injured by the evil and unclean spirits, and hence the idea of danger came to be associated with the idea of uncleanness. This is, perhaps, made plainer by some concrete case.

When I was a young boy the custom of eating beef began to spread. As blood was regarded as unclean, and also as Japan had been a strong agricultural country, there was a very deep-rooted disinclination to eat beef. In this, of course, one has also to recognize the influence of the vegetarian principle of Buddhism. But to anybody who had ever tasted beef, it was so delicious that he could hardly control his natural appetite by his religious scruples. My father was one of those who knew its taste, and so now and then we used to treat ourselves to beef. But where did we eat it? We did not eat it inside of the house. We cooked and ate it in the open air, and in cooking and eating we did not use the ordinary utensils, but used the special ones kept for the purpose. Why all these things? Because beef was unclean, and he did not like to spread this uncleanness into our house wherein the "gods-shelf" is kept, and into our ordinary utensils which might be used in making offerings to the gods. The day when we ate beef my father did not offer lights to the gods, nor say evening prayers to them, as he did usually, for he knew he was unclean and could not approach the gods. Then my mother, who did not and could not eat beef till very recently, did these things; and I, who used to partake of the new dainty dish, often went to bed feeling as if I was unclean and subject to dangers.—N. Kishimota, in Popular Science Monthly.

HIS GOOD ADVICE.

How the Young Lawyer Got Even With the Judge Who Sneered.

The young man had been admitted to practice at the bar. He sat within the bar inclosure, speculating upon the chances of clients coming to him, by mistake or otherwise. He heard his name spoken, and started to his feet.

"Mr. De Novo, the prisoner at the bar is unable to employ counsel. Will you defend him?"

"Certainly your honor. May I retire with him to the bar office for a few moments' consultation?"

"Yes, sir; and give your best advice."

A hardly perceptible sneer curled his honor's lips as he uttered these last words, but the young man did not appear to notice it. Motioning for the prisoner to follow him, he passed into the other room. The door was closed, and for ten minutes the lively clatter of many conversations filled the court-room. Then the young man strolled into the room and dropped into a chair. The crier proclaimed: "Silence in the court room!" His honor gazed upon the young man and said:

"Are you ready to proceed?"

"Yes, your honor."

"Where's the prisoner?"

"I really don't know."

"What?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"Mr. De Novo, will you explain what you mean by this most extraordinary conduct?"

"Your honor told me to give him the best advice I could, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"May it please the court, when I consulted him I found he was guilty and had really no defense whatever. So, in pursuance of your honor's so kindly-meant suggestion, I advised him to drop out of the window and make himself as scarce as possible. I presume—in fact, I know—that he followed the first part of my advice, and I believe he will also observe the rest of it."—Harper's Magazine.

Patient Waiting No Loss.

Friend—You have been engaged for the past two years, and can well afford to marry. Why don't you do it?

Mr. Kissem (gloomily)—I am waiting for her pet dog to die.—N. Y. Weekly.

COLONIAL MANTELS.

Antique Fireplaces That Offered More Opportunity for Decorative Art.

The fashion of colonial mantels does not wane; indeed, it seems to grow upon those who are looking for fireplace surroundings that will be a joy forever. These mantels are made in oak for libraries and halls, but most frequently in white enamel for drawing-rooms and bed-rooms. Often the wall of such rooms is wainscoted as high as the shelf of the mantel in a wood to match the mantel.

In an attractive room of this kind the wall above the wainscoting was papered with roses and buds. The tile facing and hearth were of soft old rose, and the decoration of the white mantel delicate traceries of gilt. The band inclosing the fireplace was a narrow gilt heading. The overmantel is only a shelf, above which was hung a large oval mirror in a Florentine frame. The fire screen was also of gold, pink and white, and the andirons and other parts of the fire set in gilt. The fireplace, with its accessories, is an example of the way in which every detail of a room is carefully thought out by those who can afford to have their dwellings consistent and aristic in their furnishings. If a room is to represent a certain period, the architect or owner often has the andirons, mantel and all its fitments made after certain designs that are not to be duplicated.

Glazed tiles of all sizes and shapes are used for the fireplace facings, and sometimes for the fireback, instead of metal. Often brick of yellow or terra cotta is liked for the entire front of the fireplaces in halls and libraries. In such cases the wooden shelf or overmantel is the only wood used. This is effectively supported by brackets of wrought iron. Ornaments of wrought iron are also laid flat on the brick front. A handsome pair of andirons for such a fireplace are two dragons beautifully wrought in iron. Sometimes the metal band that surrounds the fire opening is made so wide that no tiles are used for the facings. Such fronts are used for very large hall fireplaces, and are brilliant in effect. They are finished to look like new or antique brass, or colored a dark copper to match cherry and mahogany wood. The decorations are of fishes, flowers, bees and bugs, or processions of classical-looking figures. Occasionally the crest, the motto, and the monogram are made a part of the decoration, the same symbols also appearing in the embroideries designed for certain rooms, where they are wrought on pillows, table covers and curtains.—N. Y. World.

ENGLISH MIRAGES.

Places Sixty Miles Distant Pictured in the Sky.

In 1806 the whole of Dover castle was brought over and placed on the Ramsgate side of the hill situated between the two places, and the mirage was so strong that the hill itself could not be seen through it. In 1798 at Hastings the French coast, which is forty miles distant, was as distinctly seen as through the best glasses, as the cliffs gradually appeared more elevated, the sailors and fishermen pointed out and named the different places they had been accustomed to visit, such as the bay, the wind mill at Boulogne, St. Valerie and other places on the coast of Picardy.

From the eastern cliff one gentleman saw at once Dungeness, Dover Cliffs and the French coast all the way from Calais to Boulogne, on to St. Valerie, and, as some of the fishermen affirmed, as far as Dieppe. The day was extremely hot, without a breath of wind. On another occasion the town of Dieppe became visible, though sixty miles distant.

A few years ago a boy observed at Flambro "fields and hedges and houses over the sea," but they gradually melted away before anyone else had seen them. This interesting spectacle is very rare in this part of the country. The boy was filled with amazement at what he had witnessed, but, unfortunately, could give no accurate description of the scene.

It is well known that places fifty or sixty miles distant have, by the phenomenon of the mirage, or refraction of the atmosphere, become distinctly visible. It is, therefore, not impossible that on this occasion the coast of Denmark actually became visible to the boy. It would have been interesting to have ascertained the fact, if fact it were, that Flamboro', for centuries the stronghold of the Danes, had, in the latter half of the nineteenth century, been visited, in optical illusion at least, not by the ravaging viking, bent on plunder and slaughter, but by the very land itself, with its fields, its hedgerows and its houses, the property of its peaceful inhabitants.

In June, 1885, the inhabitants of Blackpool, in Lancashire, distinctly saw the Isle of Man, with five of its hills, clearly visible for half an hour, although the distance is between sixty and seventy miles.—Pearson's Weekly.

Blowing Up a Sheep.

Among the gypsies of Bosnia there is a curious game called "the game of the sheep." You know they skin a sheep or goat in the east by dragging the skin off whole over its head. This skin the Bosnians drip and grease most carefully. Then they tie up the four legs and the neck and blow it full of air, so that it looks like a very greasy, badly-shaped sheep. This is thrown in the middle of the ring, and each man in turn jumps on it with bare feet, until one succeeds in bursting it. The lucky one then gets a purse. Such a funny sight as it is to see them jump and sprawl, for, of course, if they do not strike it at just the right angle they slip on the greasy surface as if it were a toboggan slide, and go sprawling.—Boston Globe.

He Had Done Both.

Doverspike was married. His friend Giddings contemplated matrimony. "I suppose," said Giddings, "that it comes a trifle hard to face a girl's father and ask him for the hand of his daughter?" "Well, yes," replied Doverspike, reflectively. "It does come rather difficult, but it isn't a marker to facing the mother of a girl you have been courting for a year or so after you have concluded that you like some other girl better, when you meet the old lady accidentally some time father breaking with the daughter.—Illustrated Monthly.

The Old, Old Story.

Aldershot—How did Cameron lose all his money?

Bagley—Why, he invented a machine and tried to protect his patent.—Truth.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Prof. Warren, in a work on engineering, speaks of the "fatigue" of metals. He doesn't touch on wheels that are pneumatically tired.

—By the authentic and authoritative way of an English print, says the New York Times, the word comes that when Mrs. Vanderbilt wants to eat the wing of a partridge she has ten birds cooked and served from which to choose.

—Mrs. Louise S. Rounds, who has just been elected president of the Illinois Woman's Christian Temperance union for the ninth time, has worked in forty-three counties, given one hundred and seventy-five addresses in the state, and has visited four other states.

—Rev. Dr. William Ernest Eigenbrodt, who died a fortnight ago, left by his will nearly his entire estate of more than $500,000 to various institutions and charities in New York; about $200,000 each to the General Theological seminary of the Protestant Episcopal church and Trinity school.

—Mrs. Cleveland has a habit of keeping souvenirs of the official and social affairs she attends, and brought back what was left of the champagne bottle which she broke to name the St. Louis. Mrs. Cramp gave her a unique and exquisite vinaigrette of cut glass set in gold, studded with diamonds.

—Sir Charles Dilke continues to suffer from a kind of ostracism, which is none the less real because it is so delicate. It is not so marked in the house of commons as it was, but there are some liberals who in the old days would have been anxious to obtain his services as a public speaker who now carefully exclude his name from their lists.

—Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth's busy literary life is over, as she is seventy-five years old and feeble, though her mind is still vigorous. She takes existence as easily as one of her years should. She breakfasts in bed at one o'clock, rises two or three hours later and is visible to a few visitors at five. She lives in Georgetown, D. C., attended by her son and her daughter-in-law.

—The Countess Oyama, the wife of Field Marshal Count Oyama, who is at present commanding the second Japanese army in the vicinity of Port Arthur, is described as one of the prettiest, most charming and accomplished ladies of Japan. She was educated in an American college, either Wellesley or Vassar, and speaks English fluently. She was one of the lady commissioners appointed by the empress of Japan to gather and send an exhibition to the World's fair.

—St. John's Wood, London, the home of artists, actors and writers, will be badly encroached upon by the new railroad line between London and Sheffield. The house in which Sir Edwin Landseer lived for forty-eight years, and in which he died in 1873, has already been torn down. Among others which must go soon are the house in Alpha road where Mary Lamb died, the one in Hanwood square in which George Eliot began "Silas Marner," and that in Blanford square, where she wrote "Romola." Leigh Hunt's house in Marylebone road and George Cruikshank's, near by, are in no danger, but Lord's cricket ground is saved, and near it the house in which Tom Hood wrote the "Song of the Shirt."

HUMOROUS.

—In Cash—"I want to see the man who accepted my poem." "He's out." "He is?" "Yes; ten dollars!"—Atlanta Constitution.

—Teacher—"Name the greatest orator in history." Pupil—"Well it rests between Demosthenes and Mr. Depew." —N. Y. Commercial-Advertiser.

—Mr. Gamble—"Would you like to take a chance in a lottery, Miss Overage?" Miss Overage (blushingly)—"This is so sudden, sir!"—Yonkers Statesman.

—When a woman is jostled by the man who goes out between the acts, her one regret is that he isn't sitting behind her new theater hat instead of beside it.—Washington Star.

—"I propose," began the deliberate old lawyer who called around to see a young widow on business, when his vivacious client exclaimed: "I accept." They are now partners.—Dallas News.

—Kate—"Now that he's courting that Scotch heiress, I presume he'll come out presently in a kilt suit." Minnie—"Very likely. I know she's going to reject him."—Smith Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

—Schoolmaster—"It is all very well for you to say you did not have time to get your lesson, but there is one thing I should like to ask you——" Young Lady Pupil—"But, sir, this is so sudden!"—Boston Transcript.

—"Answer by return male," was the way the letter wound up that Miss Footlites received from Mr. Suddenrox. "I wonder," said she, "whether he means by the messenger boy or by post."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Jagwell—"What makes that hen in your backyard cackle so loud?" Wigway—"Oh, they've just laid a corner-stone across the street and she's trying to make the neighbors think she did it."—Philadelphia Record.

—Teddy—I wish I hadn't licked Jimmy Brown this morning." Mamma—"You see how wrong it was, don't you, dear?" Teddy—"Yes, 'cause I didn't know till noon that he was going to give a party."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

—Teacher—"Tommy, did you find out anything about the dollar mark?" Tommy—"I asked paw about it, and he said the straight lines stood for the pillars of society and the crooked one for the way they got their money."—Cincinnati Tribune.

—Implying a Doubt.—Short—"Let me have a hundred dollars for a week and I'll give you ten dollars." Spuds—"That will be one hundred and ten dollars for a hundred, won't it?" Short—"Yes." Spuds—"Well, you give me the hundred and ten now and I'll let you have the hundred."—Detroit Free Press.

She Was Prepared.

Jiggs—Did you hear about Mrs. Mopfiore's half killing a burglar?

Jaggs—Yes. How did it happen?

Jiggs—She was sitting up waiting for her husband, who was out late at a poker party, when she met the burglar in the dark hall, walking in his stocking feet, and thought it was Mopfiore. —N. Y. World.

Turned Over.

Maxwell—How are you getting on in your law practice?

Skinnem—Splendid; although I have had only one client so far.

Maxwell—Is he wealthy?

Skinnem—He was.—Puck.